Daddy's Home: Spanked by a Trump Supporter For Christmas
By Yu May and Jay

[Note: this story was based on a spanking roleplay with Jay, who wanted to fantasize about being soundly spanked by a Trump supporter as a sort of cathartic healing experience, after the results of the 2024 Presidential election. Trigger Warnings: This story thus depicts the events of that election, as well as the non-consensual spanking of an adult. A character uses the word "T***ny." This story is not an endorsement of the events depicted. Please don't take it too seriously, and don't read if you think it will bother you.]

"NBC News, ABC News, and CNN…have all called Pennsylvania for Donald Trump…This election is over. Donald Trump is going to be the 47th President of the United States, and, uh, he has won this election," said Chenk Ugyer, with a defeated look in his eyes.

Jay stared at the screen of his laptop in disbelief, the blue light illuminating his stunned face in his sparse apartment room. It didn't make any sense. How could this happen? As the members of The Young Turks podcast discussed the results, little of what they said registered. Jay watched in a daze, before burying his face in his hands. He knew that, already, memes celebrating "God Emperor Trump" would be all over X (formerly Twitter, before Elon Musk had arrived to unban @realdonaldtrump, just in time for the election season).

Chenk engaged in one of his infamous rants, sarcastically congratulating the Democrat establishment for accomplishing wall-to-wall losses, before the livestream ended abruptly. They knew as well as Jay that there would be supercuts edited with music and sound effects to mock them by tomorrow morning all over YouTube.

Jay still couldn't bring himself to look up when YouTube began to autoplay a related video: Tucker Carlson's keynote address to Turning Point Action: "If you allow…people to get away with things that are over the top and outrageous, if you allow your 2-year-old to smear the contents of his diapers on the walls all over your living room, and you do nothing about it; if you allow your 14-year-old to light a joint at the breakfast table; if you allow your 15-year-old hormone-addled daughter to, like, slam the door of her bedroom and give you the finger; you're gonna' get more of it. And those kids are gonna' wind up in rehab. It's not good for you, and it's not good for them."

Jay snapped his head up, suddenly remembering this video. Only a few weeks ago, it had circulated widely on BlueSky, where Tucker was roundly mocked for his bizarre analogies.

"No! There has to be a point at which: Dad comes home."

The crowd erupted in cheers, and Tucker fed into their energy. "Yeah! That's right! Dad comes home…and he's pissed! Dad is pissed! He's not vengeful. He loves his children. Disobedient as they may be, he loves them…because they're his children! They live in his house! …But he's very disappointed in their behavior, and he's gonna' have to let them know. He's gonna–Get to

your room, right now, and think about what you did. And when Dad gets home, you know what he says? 'You've been a bad girl. You've been a bad little girl, and you're getting a vigorous spanking, right now…And no, it's not gonna' hurt me more than it hurts you, it's not! I'm not gonna' lie! This is gonna' hurt you a lot more than it hurts me. And you earned this. You're getting a vigorous spanking, because you've been a bad girl. And it has to be this way. It has to be this way 'cuz it's true! And you're only gonna' get better when you take responsibility for what you did!'"

Jay swallowed, remembering the jokes he'd liked and shared on BlueSky. Everyone had been predicting that, once Kamala Harris won the election, they'd have to draw art of Kamala spanking Tucker Carlson to celebrate.

Already, Jay was dreading Christmas at home.

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Dad was seated at his usual, favorite spot on the old sofa, across from Jay, who had taken the love seat in the corner. Like his Dad, Jay was overweight, though Dad had been doing a lot of powerlifting recently, giving him more of a strong-fat build.

The TV volume was turned down low, but the blaring, endless noise of Fox News filled the living room, just loud enough that it could never be quite ignored.

Jay's step-mother, Sonya, had already finished decorating the Christmas tree with her favorite Peanuts and Precious Moments ornaments, and was out running last-minute errands before the official Christmas celebration tomorrow.

The awkward silence dragged on for a few moments between Jay and his Dad.

Finally, Dad hummed, folded his hands, and asked with a wry grin, "Well, Jay, how about that election? You ready for four more years of Trump?"

Jay sank into his cushion. "Four more years of fascism you mean…?"

Dad snorted. "C'mon, son, don't tell me you believe that fake news! Donald Trump wants to make America great again for all Americans! Why do you think he won the popular vote?"

Jay rolled his eyes. "It was rigged and you know it…"

Dad thumbed his chin, grunting with mock puzzlement. "Hmm…Remember when you could get banned for suggesting that the 2020 election was rigged? C'mon! Cacklin' Kamala spent over a *billion dollars* on her campaign, she had the entire fake news media, Hollyweird, and all the globalist mega corporations backing her…and she *still* couldn't pull it off! Isn't a good economy good for everybody, Republican and Democrat?"

Jay blushed. He never knew how to argue with his Dad. “J-just shut up… a good economy isn’t worth it under Hitler…”

Dad crossed his thick arms. In ancient times, he would have made a perfect royal guard. “Now son, that’s no way to speak to your father. Trump isn’t Hitler. And his supporters aren’t Nazis. They’re good, working folks. I know you’re disappointed but that’s no reason to be cruel.”

Feeling his temper rise, Jay pouted. He was 30-years-old now. Why did Dad insist on speaking to him this way? “Deporting immigrants and oppressing trans people is what’s cruel!”

Dad raised an eyebrow. “You mean *illegal* immigrants? Yup! These drug cartels and sex traffickers crossing our borders must be stopped. And as for trannies, I don’t care what people do in the privacy of their own bedrooms. So long as they don’t shove it onto the kids at school, everything will be fine. No one’s getting their rights taken away.”

“If you say so. Seems very un-Christian to me…And you can’t shove your religious beliefs onto kids.”

Dad held up his personal copy of the Trump Bible, opening it to the Gospel of Luke, the bookmark left right at the Nativity Story for Christmas tomorrow morning. “What’s wrong with teaching kids about the Bible? We need more of that in our modern society.”

Jay sighed, and turned his face away from Dad. “Whatever, I’m talking to a brick wall at this rate.”

But in his peripheral vision, Jay noticed Dad narrowing his eyes. “There’s no need to be disrespectful. You’re entitled to your own opinion, but as long as you’re a guest in my house, I expect you to be civil to me and Sonya. I used to tan your hide for talking that way… Frankly, you’re not too big for it now.”

Jay tensed. He still remembered the terror of being spanked as a boy. Everytime, he was roughly hauled over a lap and paddled for several minutes, until his bare bottom was bright red. Any protests he made were always ignored, and he’d even been spanked for getting in fights he hadn’t started. It wasn’t even uncommon for him to be spanked in front of his cousins, before being sent to the corner with a bare red bottom on display. Later, if his cousins took schadenfreude in Jay’s suffering, he simply had to endure their mockery. After all, according to Dad, if Jay didn’t like being teased for being spanked, he shouldn’t have been a brat in the first place.

The last time Jay had been threatened with a spanking, he had been 18-years-old, and procrastinating on finding a job. Dad had hauled him by the arm towards the sofa, before Jay had begged and pleaded for mercy, promising to get a job right away. Dad had relented at the last possible moment, but Jay had been sure the threat of the spanking had not been made idly.

But that was nearly 12 years ago! Jay was out of college, working a job, and in his own apartment. Even hearing his Dad joke about spanking him at this point felt degrading. “You can’t be serious. I’m a grown adult now; you’re not gonna treat me like a child.”

Dad stood up, marched to the love seat, and grabbed Jay roughly by the arm, exactly like he had when Jay was 18. Jay felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end as Dad fixed him with a stern gaze. “If you’re an adult, you can act like it. You’ve gotten too big for your britches, and I have an old-fashioned remedy in mind.”

Jay felt dad easily tug him to his feet and towards the sofa. “No! Let go of me!”

Jay resisted, but couldn’t pull away. Dad’s grip was iron. He was taller and stronger than Jay, and led his son straight to the sofa as easily as if Jay had still been a kid.

In one smooth motion, Dad seated himself on the sofa, and Jay felt himself lose balance as he was guided across Dad’s lap. Always a southpaw, Dad patted his son’s bottom with his mighty left hand. “You’re not too big for a spanking!”

Jay was wearing black sweatpants, and felt his father reach down underneath the waistband of his underwear and yank them down. Twisting to look over his shoulder, Jay saw his fat, bare bottom, revealed for his Dad and the whole world to see: including the Star of Bethlehem and the figurines of the Nativity scene on the fireplace mantle.

Instantly, Jay remembered the lectures from when he was spanked in childhood: pulling down Jay’s pants was an intentional, immediate message: Jay’s bad behavior had forfeited his modesty. Jay reached a hand back, trying to pull his pants back up. “N-no you can’t!! Stop this is embarrassing…Ouch!!”

To reward Jay for struggling, Dad planted a firm swat across his son’s left butt cheek. Jay gasped as he felt the first spank land, then felt Dad grab his hand and tug it away from the waistband of his pants. “Yes, I can. Hold still, now.”

As Jay felt a second smack land on his right butt cheek, he realized Dad hadn’t secured his grip on him yet. Squirming, Jay let his knees drop off Dad’s lap and sink to the floor, only wanting to get his bottom as far away as possible. “No!”

With a sigh, Dad grasped Jay under the armpits and lifted him up. This time, he rested Jay’s entire upper torso on the sofa, so that Jay’s legs dangled in mid air. Jay kicked his feet, uselessly, and felt them tangled by the sweatpants around his knees.

This time, Dad wrapped his left arm tight around Jay’s waist. “Good grief. In your 30s and you still act like you’re a spoiled toddler. This butt whoopin’ is long overdue!”

Dad planted two reverberating claps across the center of each cheek, left then right. Jay howled as he felt each sharp pain in turn. “Ow! Ah-howch!”

Raising his right hand high, Dad paused to let Jay process his situation. Anticipating the next round of spanks, Jay clenched his butt cheeks and began to whine. “Nooooo!”

But the moment Jay clenched, Dad slammed his palm right across the center of Jay’s plump bottom. Jay felt the impact ripple deep in his glutes. “Don’t clench. Not unless you *want* bruises, I guess. Now, while I have your attention, is there anything you’d like to say to me before I continue your spanking?”

Jay pressed his hands against the sofa cushion and tried to lift himself up with all his might, but Dad was ready for him this time. Jay flopped right back into place, having only managed to wriggle far enough that his feet flopped back to the floor, his bottom now bent sharply across the edge of the sofa.

“Ghhhh!! This is embarrassing and it hurts!!” Jay kicked the floor in a tantrum, but it was no more effective now than it had been when he was two-years-old.

Dad delivered another two firm spanks, one to each cheek as before, then paused for effect. “Good. It’s supposed to.”

With that, Dad began to spank his squirming son at a slow, steady pace, giving Jay a few seconds between each slap.

Dad began by concentrating his attention on the center of each cheek, then gradually expanded the surface area he was covering, concentrating on Jay’s lower bottom. He spanked silently, apparently done lecturing for now.

Jay felt Dad had a good grip on his waist, but had left his hands and legs free. Apparently, Dad wasn’t the least bit concerned that his adult son might be strong enough to resist. Why even bother pinning his legs or wrists in place?

As Jay felt his hide getting tanned, he knew nothing had changed since he was a boy: in his Dad’s eyes, Jay wasn’t a man, only a naughty boy. And with despair in his heart, Jay knew his Dad was right.

After a while, the pain built to the point that Jay didn’t think he could possibly take any more. He tried to lift his legs to attempt to cover his bottom, using his feet as a shield to disrupt Dad’s palm before it landed again in a great, swinging arc. Desperately, Jay willed himself to hold it together and maintain whatever dignity he had left.

Ignoring Jay’s trembling feet, Dad landed a quick clap on the upper part of Jay’s bottom. “Feet down. Now.”

Jay shook his head, throwing a hand back to block the freshly smacked spot.

“That does it…” Dad grabbed Jay’s wrist and twisted it into the small of his back, pulling Jay forward across his right knee.

“You’re gonna learn to take your licks like a man.”

Dad lifted his knee to angle Jay’s bottom higher into the air, then easily brushed Jay’s feet away from his bottom.

Instinctively, Jay sensed this was his last chance to resist or speak his mind, before he was permanently locked in place. He could fight. He could prove he was really a man, and not a naughty, spoiled little boy.

But as tears welled in his eyes, Jay realized something important: he wanted this spanking. He had practically asked for his spanking. And even if he didn’t there was still no hope of escaping it. It was inevitable.

“Nooo! This isn’t fair!” His feet kicked wildly in a final, futile struggle to wriggle his wrist from his father’s grasp, before Jay collapsed back onto the sofa with a whimper.

Jay felt his legs catch on her sweatpants, before the pants flew away from his legs. For a moment, Jay thought he had kicked his legs free of the pants, and wondered if he had a fighting chance.

Then he realized it was only because Dad had tugged the sweatpants the rest of the way down and off Jay’s ankles, leaving him wearing nothing but socks below the waist.

Finally, using his left leg, Dad pinned his struggling son’s legs in place, so that Jay could only twist his feet and tap his toes uselessly against the carpeted floor below.

Arms locked, legs locked, Jay was now completely at his Dad’s mercy. And Dad was looking down at him with an expression that showed he was completely without mercy.

“Not fair, huh? You’re a brat, and now you’re getting spanked like a brat. Sounds fair to me.”

With that, Dad planted three quick spanks, but still using the full force of his arm, across Jay’s right ass cheek, followed by three of equal strength across his left ass cheek. Then, Dad returned to a steady one-two-one-two pattern, alternating between each cheek at a slightly quicker pace than he had used before. The mottled pink color of Jay’s backside was quickly flushing to red as each spank left a soft, fiery handprint.

As Jay tried to squirm again, he realized what it was to be trapped: there was no hope of escape. Crushed by the feeling of helplessness, Jay finally gave up fighting back tears, and let them flow down his face freely. Knowing how pathetic he must look, Jay cried, “Owwwaaah!! Gssssh…!! Waaaah!! Owowowow!! Owwoooo!!”

Dad quickened the pace again, delivering ten furious spanks, then another ten even faster, the rapid fire sacrificing strength slightly for speed. “All right, let’s try this again. What did you do wrong, young man?”

Jay sobbed as his now bright-red bottom jiggled with each firm spank. His ass was on fire!

“OWWWW!! Mggggh!! Waaaaah!! Owowowow!! I-I’m sorry!! I-I disrespected you, I should have listened!!”

Momentarily, Dad’s hand paused in mid-air. “That’s more like it.”

Then he landed one strong, reverberating spank for emphasis, cupping his hand to produce a denser, louder thunderclap. “Now, are you going to act like a *spoiled…rotten…brat!?”* Three hard whallops underscored the last three words, first left, then right, then the lower center of Jay’s behind, covering the sit spots below his soft, doughy cheeks.

“...Or are you going to behave yourself, like I raised you to?” Dad pauses to await Jay’s answer, but Jay saw him raise his hand high, at the ready.

Jay felt the salty tears spilling into his mouth as he blubbered. “Owww!! Owowow, yes daddy yes yes yes I’m sorry I’m sorry I’ll behave I promise!!”

Jay pressed the balls of his flailing feet into the soft carpet below, anxious as he watched the terrible hand of retribution hovering in the air.

Dad hummed as he lowered his hand. “Hmm…”

Then, with a wink, he whipped off his red “Make America Great Again Hat” and held it against Jay’s spanked bottom, patting it down into place.

Jay could feel it resting against his upper right cheek at a jaunty angle, and knew how ridiculous he must look. Dad nodded approvingly. “Pretty close to the right shade of red. I was tempted to take my belt to you, but since you’re showing a better attitude…”

Dad placed the red hat on Jay’s head and patted it down into place, half teasingly, half supportively, just like he did when he ruffled his son’s hair when he was only a kid.

Jay sniffled, grimacing as he felt the MAGA hat press down on his head. He wanted to complain, to protest… but the threat of Daddy’s belt had struck the fear of God in his heart.

“...I will just use my hand. We will finish the spanking when your butt matches the shade of your MAGA hat! Now, hold still, and be brave!”

Dad held his mighty hand lightly against his son’s well-spanked buttocks to feel the radiant heat. Then he playfully patted each of Jay’s cheeks in turn to alert him of what was about to come. Jay whimpered as he felt the love-taps across his fat bottom. For a moment, it felt soothing. He remembered sitting across his Dad’s lap one Christmas time, as he was handed his first present. But another memory took its place: Jay remembered how, as a boy, he’d found if he stuck out his bottom, lifting it as high as he could to take his spanking bravely, it somehow helped him endure the torment.

Finally, Dad wound up his arm to begin the spanking anew.

Jay’s eyes went wide as he watched Daddy’s hand come soarding down towards its target. At the last moment, Jay turned away, shamed-faced. He knew it was no use, and lifted his bottom to accept the incoming blow.

With no further lecturing, dad landed ten spanks, slowly. These were full strength, the rippling impacts sinking deep through the layers of fat, deep into the muscle of Jay's gluteus maximus below.

Jay screamed and hollered between each spank, his pained voice and strained cries filling the room.

Dad left Jay several seconds between each spank, leaving Jay plenty of time to consider his position. Purely out of fear of the belt, Jay tried his best to stay still.

After the first ten spanks, Jay sensed that Dad was about to pick up the pace again: the grand finale was approaching.

At that exact moment, Jay realized that, even in his 30s, he was not too old for a spanking from his father to work wonders on his attitude.

The pace of the spanking quickened, as though Dad was counting “one one thousand,” between each spank.

Jay yelped, sometimes managing to wail a single word like “No!” or “Please!” or “Sorry!” between some of the spanks.

But after the 20th spank, Dad quickens the pace yet again, returning to the “one-two-one-two” pattern. The fresh sting added to the cumulative effect of the previous punishment, but Jay realized Dad wasn’t using his full strength this time, not wanting to bruise him.

Jay dimly remembered how Dad used to call this a “slow-burn” spanking. Finally, his bottom started to feel numb, and his sobbing started to subdue.

Jaw was so overwhelmed by the steady pain, that mind began to calm, just eager for the spanking to end. Nevertheless, Jay’s body jerked forward in reaction to every single, firm spank.

Jay’s upper thighs squirmed as Dad landed a few spanks across them, before returning his attention to covering every last inch of Jay’s buttocks. The hot, scorched flesh of his hindquarters now felt like they were stretched taught, as though Jay was wearing uncomfortably small briefs.

Satisfied, Dad finished by lifting up his leg to prop Jay’s bottom higher into the air and landed the last 20 spanks on his sit spots and upper thighs. “Perfect shade of red-blooded, American red. Now go stand in the corner and think about what you did.”

Dad gestured to the corner of the room, across from the fully trimmed Christmas tree.

Gingerly, Jay got up, whimpering and rubbing his rudolph-the-red-nosed-reindeer-red bottom.

Jay’s front was exposed very briefly before he quickly turned around and bolted to the corner. He wanted to cover his shame, but he couldn’t take his hands off his poor, throbbing bottom.

One the way to the corner, Jay felt his underpants catching at his ankles, and stepped out of them meekly, leaving them behind. Grasping at the hem of his shirt, Jay tried to flatten it down to preserve a shred of his modesty.

Jay heard Dad’s commanding voice behind him, speaking matter-of-factly. “You know the drill. Shirt up, just like you had to do it when you were a brat.”

His lip trembling, Jay lifted the corners of his shirt lightly, as if he was a little girl being taught to curtsey. He remembered how he had been trained to do this as a toddler, and how letting his shirt drop for a moment could easily result in a second round of spanking, sometimes with the belt…

As Jay stood in the corner, he overheard his dad struggle to use the tv remote to load Rumble on the TV.

Soon enough, Dad was playing Donald Trump’s most recent video on Rumble, a campaign ad promising to bring all Americans together.

Jay tried his best not to sigh.

He thought about how he had spent a full year bickering with Trump supporters online about the upcoming election, and how frequently he’d been mocked, or simply laughed at. In particular, he

remembered the memes on X, about how this election had been a spanking for the Democrats. How “woke” liberals, like Jay, were all just brats who needed a damn good spanking.

Jay’s face burned red with humiliation. The metaphor had become a literal reality. He had been feeling butt-hurt ever since November 5, 2024, and now, his father had sent him to stand in timeout, and simply be butt-hurt. Jay remembered one of the haunting warnings he used to hear as a boy: “I’ll give you something to really cry about!”

Fresh tears welled in Jay’s eyes, still red and stinging from sobbing them dry only minutes ago.

A phrase he had heard Donald Trump use in a campaign speech haunted him: “We are going back.”

*“We *are* going back. Back behind the woodshed, where liberal millennials like me are getting a good spanking from their conservative, bomer parents,”* thought Jay, in horror.

He thought about the four long years ahead, that would most definitely involve his side of the aisle being forced to make concessions to his Dad’s side.

Four. More. Years.

Jay knew that he was in for several big servings of humble pie, for the next four years, at least, and maybe longer. *“J.D. Vance, 2028. J.D. Vance, 2032,”* thought Jay.

And as long as he remained under his father’s roof, even if it was only for Thanksgiving or Christmas, Jay knew that he was in for many more figurative, and even literal, spankings.

But, strangely, for the first time in a long time, Jay also felt that, whatever came, he would be able to endure it.

As Trump’s video came to an end, Jay heard his Dad call his name. “All right, Jay, what do you have to say for yourself?”

Jay tensed, still holding his shirt up to obediently present his trembling, chubby booty. He wasn’t sure if even more spanking was on the way as he considered his answer. He couldn’t keep from stuttering. “I-I’m sorry…th-this won’t happen again…”

His thighs and bottom were shivering in fear. He could only hope this is all over.

Dad nodded, then helped Jay collect his lost clothing. “Apology accepted. Now, let’s try to have a Merry Christmas together as a family this year. I don’t want to repeat this discussion in front of Sonya, if I don’t have to.”

Later that night, at the family dinner to celebrate Christmas Eve, Jay squirmed in his seat, still feeling a warm prickle beneath the seat of his pants. His sit spots smarted whenever he pressed them into the hard wood of the chair, but no matter how he tried, he couldn't force himself to sit still before long.

Sonya looked at Jay, puzzled, and Jay wondered if his step-mother had heard about how her 30-year-old step-son had earned himself a bare bottom spanking today. But Dad made no mention of the spanking at the dinner table, and if Sonya knew the details, she didn't give any indication.

Jay spoke politely throughout the meal, suspecting that his painful lesson could easily be repeated if he misbehaved again.

The End